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ON DR.—That M. Charles Fradel, the well known composer and pianist, has made arrangements to establish a Musical Conservatory, which shall be conducted strictly upon the European system of education, with which he is intimately acquainted. Mr. Fradel has had a vast experience in teaching, and there is no man more competent to successfully conduct such an establishment. He proposes to associate with himself only the best professional talent in every department of musical education, both with regard to private and professional pupils. The Conservatory will be established in the most fashionable part of the city.

Also, that Mr. Charles Fradel is about to publish a simple and comprehensive treatise on harmony, as a guide for self-instruction, and the use of teachers. Knowing Mr. Fradel's great theoretical knowledge, we have no doubt but that his guide to harmony will prove a valuable addition to our musical literature,

OPENING OF TERRACE GARDEN.—The opening of this fashionable and popular place of amusement last Monday evening, attracted a crowded audience. A large number of last year's habitués of the place were present, attracted by the memories of the many pleasant evenings passed there last season. The scene was gay and brilliant, and the music, under the able direction of Mr. F. Eben, gave unqualified delight to those present. The programme was as varied and interesting as usual. We shall speak more at length of this delightful resort next week.

ON DIT ABOUT THE PARIS GOLD MEDAL.—It is said that one of the great exhibitors of pianos at the Paris Exposition, was told by one of the Jury, a fellow-countryman by the by, that if he wanted a gold medal so very badly, he could get one struck off for 100,000 francs. Twenty thousand dollars in gold is a stiff price to pay; but it is not very dear when the amount of advertising it can accomplish is considered. Who knows but we may see a twenty thousand dollar gold medal in America yet.

MATTERS THEATRIC.

The production of the new burlesque of "Faust" at the New York Theatre on Monday evening, proved a decided success. The play is well constructed; the dialogue clever, and, at times, really witty; the local scenery well painted; while Jennie, as Mephistopheles, is simply ravishing. The young lady's performance of this part is the first step towards real improvement she has yet made; the points are well delivered, and the language not rattled off as an impatient school-boy, anxious to join his companions in the play-ground, recites his well-learned lesson, more after the fashion of a magpie than a rational being. Donnelly, as Marguerite, is also very funny, though at times rather coarse. The rest of the cast is only from fair to middling. The Excise Board, Ben Butler, the *Herald*, and the

Police of course come in for their usual share of jokes, some good, some dismally doleful; taken altogether, however, the burlesque is very clever, and will doubtless have a long run.

Lucille Western appeared, for the first time in this city, on Monday evening, in Daly's awkwardly constructed adaptation of Mosenthal's "Deborah." Miss Western belongs to the high-pressure school of acting which passes current as genuine coin among the masses. She is very affected, very manneristic, and intensely unnatural, but, for all that, she succeeds in drawing numerous tears from the eyes of her auditors, and as that is generally considered the test of a tragic actress, she must, as a matter of course, be one. It is only necessary to say of her "Leah" that it is a little less stilted than her Lady Isabel and considerably worse than her Ogarita, in the "Sea of Ice." That is a somewhat ambiguous criticism, but nevertheless true.

Monday evening also saw the advent of shillalah and Dan Bryant at Wallack's, the "Irish Emigrant" and "Handy Andy" being the opening pieces. How my blood runs cold as I write those two names! Never were plays so dinned into the ears of the public as these two. Never has the public been so effectually martyred as by these two types of Irish character. It would be a charity to the world at large were somebody to burn every copy extant of these two inflections, and thus prevent all future aspirants for Irish histrionic fame from a further persecution of a misguided and deluded people. But if somebody did, somebody else would write new versions and we would be as badly off as ever, as it appears to be an established fact that a stage Irishman cannot be a stage Irishman unless he includes the "Irish Emigrant" and "Handy Andy" in his repertoire. Luckily Mr. Bryant promises several novelties.

As to Mr. Bryant himself, his acting is greatly improved since last season; it begins to assume more the air of a veteran and is not marred by the unpleasant amateurish and negro minstrelsy style which has heretofore characterized it. At present he is unquestionably one of the best delineators of Irish character on the stage; quiet, easy and natural, never overstepping the bound of common sense, but always playing as if he felt and appreciated his part.

SHUGGE.

HOW BEETHOVEN SAVED A MUSICAL DIRECTOR FROM IMPRISONMENT.—For some reason best known to themselves, the Hanoverians, since the military occupation, called their new countrymen, the Prussians, by the euphonious name of "cuckoo." At a concert at the "Hof Theatre" the "Pastoral" was performed. The Baroness Voigt-Rheetz, wife of the Prussian military governor, and suite were present. When the clarionets, in the "Scene by the Brook," uttered those two disloyal tones, d—b-flat, and even reiterated them, the baroness indignantly rose and left, with her train. The next morning our unlucky director was called before the military tribunal and accused of willful disloyalty to the ruling power. Fortunately for him, he could prove by the score that those disagreeable cuckoo-calls had been put in the original sometime before the Hanoverians became Prussians, and he was saved.

PARIS.

SIR—When I write to the editor of the *Musical World*, I am at a loss to know to whom my communication is directed. At one time I fancy I am addressing Dishley Peters, Esq.; at another, Mr. Coventry Fish; or, Paul Moist; or, Butcher Baker, or, Baker Butcher; or, Butcher Baker Butcher; or, Tidbury How; or, Bashl Bazook; or, T. Duff Short; or, S. T. Table; or, Stephen Round; or, Shaver Silver; or, Groker Rooses; or, Flamborough Head, (Bart.); or, that facetious three-named gentleman—Hebrew, Christian, and Sir—whose appellatives might be appropriately abbreviated into the title A. Double S. This last-named humorist has attempted to be funny at my expense. In my latest epistle despatched from Paris, which appeared in Saturday's *Musical World*, it seems that the latter part has been lost, or, it may be, feloniously put aside. Instead of sundry paragraphs, narrating items of Parisian news, there appeared two rows of asterisks, supplemented by a supposition, and a hope from the pen of Mr. Abraham Sadoke Silent, otherwise, A. Double S., to the effect that I had gone to sleep while writing the letter, and praying that my slumbers might be long and refreshing. Thanking the learned Abraham for his wish, I must repudiate altogether his supposition; and, denying *in toto* that the asterisks are either substitutes or apologies, protest that I cannot see any wit in his remarks.

One of the items of the lost news that I sent you last week, was an account of the Musical and Literary Soiree of Madame Ernst, wife of the great violinist, which had, been especially consecrated to the memory of her husband, and which was crowned with eminent success. In the selection were given two posthumous quartets of Ernst, and his last compositions, which were magnificently executed by MM. Joachim, Colblain, Mas, and Jacquard. Joachim played the famous "Élégie," creating a perfect "furor," and, with Madame Szarvady (Wilhelmina Clauss) one of the "Pensées Fugitives" of Ernst and Stephen Heller, which was received with hardly less enthusiasm. Madame Joachim sang a *lied* by Schubert, and a *chanson* by Ernst; and Madame Ernst recited, with thrilling effect, the "Pauvres Gens," of Victor Hugo, and the "Stanzas to Malibran," by Alfred de Musset. Joachim is just now in immense request at the French capital.

In one of my recent letters I mentioned to you something about a rival of M. Gounod's, who had written an opera on the subject of Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet." Well, this opera, which is entitled "Les Amants de Verone," and the words and music of which have been written and composed by a man of fashion—a marquis, M. le Marquis d'Troy, who passes under the pseudonyme of Richard Yrvid—was recently tried, at least some fragments of it, in the little theatre at the house of M. Duprez, whose children and pupils sang the music. As a matter of course, everything was applauded and the author-composer warmly congratulated.

I perceive that that great pet of the English public, Mlle. Ilma de Murska, has been offending the whole of Austria and Germany. The celebrated Hungarian prima donna first quarreled with M. Salvi, manager of the Viennese Theatre, on the score that he, M. Salvi, wanted to lower her terms. It is well known that M. Salvi is even a greater theatrical economist than he is a